palmy days, when the great Moghul Empire blazed with a magnificence, alas, so soon to die, was not fairer than that modern woman of the far West, who headed the opening procession of the Durbar, the greatest spectacle our day will see.

Delhi is the city of scents as well as the city of doves. In the hot weather evenings the perfumes from the neams and oleanders and a myriad other gorgeous tropical blooms are almost overpowering. In no other of the world's cities have I known nature so to simulate an exquisite perfumer's shop. Walking beneath the arcades of neams, with their blooms like green feathers, and the oleanders, tossing rose du Barri bouquets in the air ; the perfumes are sweet to cruelty if the inner life is void of delight. And all around the city rises the glad chorus of thousands of doves happy in the love and the companionship which the summer and the scents have brought. In no other eastern city that I know are the doves so glad as in Delhi. There, where

human
lovers have known the greatest heights and depths of passion, so also seems the animal
creation most exultant in its loves.

This city of dreams is the most oriental

of